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From the Portland Advertiser.
BROOKS'S LETTERS.
NO. XXIX
Things in London.

July, 1835.
"One man is nothing—at most but an atom,
a mere atom, an atomized atom!" Horror
of horrors—how many times has this London
been emptied in the many past centuries!—
What do they do with the dead? Can the earth
hold them? How many feet deep of dead—
think you there are under the earth, hereabout?
If the resurrection will be, as we think, what a
spectacle will be exhibited here! The two
millions of people over whom I am looking now
thirty years hence, will be half gone—sixty
years hence, quite gone. A new race will be
in these streets. Our day will be antiquity—
People will wonder how we looked and acted.
The peoples' children's children will be tramp-
ling over us. Two millions more of dead will
be added to the millions of millions under the
earth. Other men will be in St. Stephen's
then. The St. James will have another King
and Queen, if King and Queen then there be,
—and the worms will be eating this one, if then
he be not already eaten. Perchance his monu-
ment will stand up somewhere, as rusty as
Charles the Second's. But old Thames will
be what he now is. He will not change.
Whip up quickly your heavy horses, ye dry-
men on Ludgate Hill. Others are hurrying to
take your places. Drive on, lively boys. Who
will drive when you are dead? What will a
thousand years know of you? What folly to
pile up these huge masses of stone! Old Time
sends abroad millions of messengers, eating and
gnawing the very stone, and by and by he
comes himself, with his terrible sledge, and
strikes down what they have loosened. And
you, Westminster Abbey, must also fall. He
is at work upon you. By and by, rubbish will
fill your Poet's Corner. Aye, this old Tower,
they are propping up and propping up. Its tur-
ret look as if they shake. There, is the monu-
ment erected in memory of the great fire.
Who knows, but another great fire will level
even this dome in the dust. Sir Christopher
Wren built this—and Sir Christopher Wren
sleeps in a dark cell under my feet.

I have just been looking at Nelson's sarco-
phagus, under the very centre of the dome.
Nelson died to lay in that gloomy place, to dis-
pel whose darkness, torches must be lighted ere
his tomb can be seen. Oh, what is glory!
A snuffing is asked to see him, and the great paint-
ers, and some others—the same said that is de-
manded for seeing the beasts in the tower.
What care all the mighty mass of human beings
moving around this church, who he buried here!
The huge clock is striking. How many have
died within the scan of the eye hence, since it
first began to strike! Why cannot we arrest
the march of Time, and keep young, and ever
have such fresh feelings as I have now? The
mischievous, I get used to every thing. What is
new to-day, will be old to-morrow. Already
London seems natural—not so strange, so aw-
ful, as when I cannot catch new thoughts, but
I instantly lose them. What I see in the morn-
ing as wonderful, becomes old before night ar-
rives. If I write down every thing as it first
seems to me, I rave. If I wait till I am cool,
the phantom is gone, and I am spiritless.
The sound of the organ below, startles me again.
I hear its loud notes swelling through the dome
and rolling through niche and gallery. The
preachers in cathedrals ought to be giants, with
giant's voices. If man had the power of the
organ, a vocal power like that, then he could
speak fitly of heaven in such vast aisles. He
looks puny now, not like God's messenger.
The service of religion is below, and the ser-
vice of manum about;—religion in the church
—money-scrambling without. See the gold-
getters in the great Bank at my feet. In that
Royal Exchange nearly full of rich merchants
the wealthiest on the globe, empires are bar-
gained for. And then the forests of masts on
the Thames, and in the huge docks far away.
Myriads and myriads of streets and lanes I who
can count them,—all full of people—and who
can feed them? Whence do the people of this
empire obtain enough to eat? This puzzles me.
Will this city drink from the little Thames,
could they not drink it dry? How do they, I
ask again, get enough to eat—so many eaters
and so few producers! What a slaughter too,
there must be each day to feed them! What
horrors of battle slain!

Such were some of my thoughts confusedly
crowded, together, as I stood upon the topmost
gallery around the Dome of St. Paul's Church
and from this great height in the heart of the
city, surveyed the mass of men and things all
about me. In trusting you with these thoughts
such as must rush into every man's mind on
looking at such a city, from such a place, I give

you a better description than twice as many
words in any other form can do. I can tell you
to be sure, that I overlooked the dwellings of
two millions of people, including the suburbs of
London, and I might amplify upon the thickness
of the smoke, and the dusty light it imparts to
every thing. For miles you look upon dwell-
ings. A rumbling confused sound swelling up-
wards, as of armies marching, falls upon your
ears. You feel, and the feeling is a true one,
as if you are looking with a glass upon the heart
of all the world, whence blood is rushing every
where,—for no other city any where exerts such
an influence on all the world in fact, centres
here. Here mankind, if I may use the expres-
sion, seem to have come to a focus. Whatever
you want, or can imagine you want, money
here will bring. Even this very scene of Lon-
don, with a mock St. Paul's is kept for show
at the Colosseum the other end of the city, and
it is perfect too, with the smoke and all. And
there, as if to mock nature, is kept a tropical
with tropical plants,—a cave too, actually made,
with a real waterfall, stalactites and all,—and
as if this was not enough to astonish you, you
are taken to Switzerland, shown Swiss cliffs
true to nature, and then from a Swiss cottage,
you see Swiss mountains a painting this and
boats in actual motion over it! Here near
Regent's Park, in thickly settled London, is all
this, all made—a steam engine (out of sight)
pumping up the water, and turning waterwheels,
and then cascades with their rainbows too! I
call it the heart of the world then, for specimens
of all the world are here. You can see any
thing, or have any thing you want to have—of
fun or frolic—of literature or science,—of pleas-
ure or of labor,—of whatever there is, that the
highest or lowest tastes of man can desire.

After a half-satisfying look from the Dome of
St. Paul's, I was fool enough to clamber up in-
to the dark ball, where the hot, pent-up air, &
the puffing of five or six fools like myself, made
the air insufferable. I got down the narrow
and dark steps again as soon as possible—and
why I vexed myself to climb in that dark place
was more than I can tell. This height is 355
feet from the pavement of the church is 500
feet. The ground plot on which it stands, is
two acres, 16 perches and 70 feet. Then I
took a stroll through the whispering gallery—
markable but the floor put together without a
joint—by the geometrical staircase which is a
curiosity—and among the clock works, of the
extent of which you will have an idea when I
tell you that the dial is 57 feet in circumference
the length of the minute hand 8 feet, and that
the bell which strikes the hours, weighs 11,474
pounds, and has been distinctly heard 20 miles!
I had been into the crypt of which I have spoken
before, and there saw where Wren, Nelson
Collingwood, Reynolds, Lawrence, Barry, and
others are buried, and have told you too,
that we were conducted about by the light of a
lantern in this subterranean abode. The rest
of my leisure time I spent among the monu-
ments, which British pride and British generos-
ity have clustered thickly together in the aisles
of this great church. Pakenham and Gibbs
who fell at New Orleans, stands on one monu-
ment here. So has the marquis of Cornwallis.
Sir Isaac Brock who fell at Queenstown (Can-
ada) is represented as a corpse reclining in the
arms of a British soldier, while an Indian
mourns over his fate. The design of Gen.
Ross's monument is *Valour* laying an Ameri-
can flag upon his tomb, over which *Britannia* is
reclining in tears, while *Fame* is descending
with the laurel to crown his bust. The sculp-
tor Flaxman worked the monumental honors
to Lord Nelson. His statue leans on an an-
chor. On his right, beneath, Britannia directs
the attention of two young seamen to Nelson,
their great example. The British Lion on the
other side, guards the monument. The fig-
ures on the pedestal represent the North Sea,
the German Ocean, the Nile and the Mediter-
ranean. On the corbel are the words, Nile,
Trafalgar, Copenhagen—but as to the last the
less that is said about it the better, so I think
Sir William Jones, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua
Reynolds, Admiral Rodney, Sir John Moore,
Lord Collingwood, and the philanthropist
Howard, each have monuments here,—with
perhaps, some forty or fifty others. The best
inscription of all is that of the builder of the
Church, *is monumentum requirit, circumspectio*
on a plain marble slab over the iron gates lead-
ing to the Choir.

Thus do Englishmen pay their tribute to
mind, manifest itself however it may. The
Poet as well as the Soldier, the Architect as
well as the Judge, the Painter as well as the
Sailor has his monument here. What an in-
spiring place for an Englishman! What a
stimulus to ambition! But this much less so
than Westminster Abbey, after visiting which
the traveller will understand why Nelson as-
sociated victory with his vaults and isles, in the
hour of battle.
English taste may love "the venerable look"
of St. Paul's as much as they please, but till I
learn to love a coal pit, I shall have no love for
such a mass of "lump blacks" as this is on the
outside. The greatest piece of impudence of
which John Bull is guilty,—and I could not say
a harder thing for he is such an essence of im-

pudence at times, is bepraising the "solemn
air" of his sooty buildings. He lives in a cli-
mate that rusts and begrins every thing expo-
sed to it, and, therefore his country's, "venerable
look"—and denounces the bright cheerful as-
pect of American dwellings. The London
coal soot is over a half inch thick, I should
judge from the view, on the walls of St. Paul's,
—and we are really told, that this is "mellow-
ed", "softened", "antique", "sublime". Why
we could make all America "sublime" in a
week or so by our pitch, tar and lamp black.—
Think now of the impudence of John Bull
lauding in New-York, for the first day in his life
able to wear a clean shirt all the day, snuffing
our dry air in contempt, and up his nose at
our neatly painted dwellings! Think of his
praising the "venerable aspect" of his smoked
and sooty St. Paul's! Think of his thus ex-
tolling the vice of his climate, and ridiculing the
purity of ours! Did you ever hear such in-
genious impudence? I say nothing of the
structure itself. I have had no opportunities as
yet to compare and thus to criticize, for I have
not seen St. Peter's nor have I been on the
Continent where I am expecting to see won-
ders. Imagine a huge church to be in the
centre of the Broadway of New-York, or your
own principal business streets, and you will
have an idea of the situation of this, and a faint
one of the bustle all around. Thick as are the
people in Wall street, they are three times
thicker about here. If they walked as rapidly
as they do there, no man would soon know his
own head and legs from his neighbors. B.

Character of Napoleon. BY PHILLIPS.

Napoleon is fallen! We may now pause be-
fore that splendid prodigy, which towered
amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown
terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.
Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the
throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the soli-
tude of his own originality.
A mind, bold, independent, and decisive—a
will, a will despotic in its dictates—an energy
that distanced expedition, and a conscience plia-
ble to every touch of interest marked the out-
line of this extraordinary character—the most
extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this
world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Plunged into life in the midst of a revolution that
quickened every energy of a people who ac-
knowledge no superior, he commenced his
course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by
charity!
With no friend but his sword, and no fortune
but his talents, he rushed into the lists where
rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed them-
selves, and competition fled from him as from
the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but
interest—he acknowledged no criterion but suc-
cess—he worshipped no god but ambition, and
with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine
of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no
opinion that he did not promulgate, in the hope
of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake
of a divorce, he bowed before the cross; the or-
phan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child
of the Republic; and, with a paralytic ingrati-
tude, on the ruins both of the throne and the
tribune, he reared the throne of despotism.

A professed catholic, he imprisoned the
pope: a pretended patriot, he impoverished the
country; and in the same name of Brutus,
he grasped without remorse, and wore without
shame the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune
played the clown to his caprices. At his touch,
crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems van-
ished, the wildest theories took the colour of
his whim, and all that was venerable, and all
that was novel, changed places with all the rap-
idity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assum-
ed the appearance of victory—his flight from
Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only
elevated him to empire.

But if his fortune was great, his genius was
transcendent; acceision flashed upon his coun-
cils and it was the same to decide and to per-
form. To inferior intellects, his combination
appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfect-
ly impracticable; but in his hands, simplicity
marked their development, and success vindi-
cated their adoption.
His person partook the character of his mind
—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the
other never bent in the field. Nature had no
obstacles that he did not surmount—space no
opposition that he may not spurn and whether
amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands or polar
snows, he seemed proof against peril, and em-
powered with ubiquity! The whole continent
of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity
of his designs, and the meridian of his execu-
tion. Scarcely bowed to the prodigies of his per-
formance; romance assumed the air of history;
nor was their aught too incredible for belief, or
too fanciful for expectation, when the world
saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his flag over
her most ancient capitals. All the visions of
antiquity became common places in his contem-
plation; kings were his people—nations were
his out-posts and he disposed of courts, and
crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets,
as if they were the titular dignities of the
clubboard!

Amid all these changes he stood immutably

as adamant. It mattered a little, whether in
the field or the drawing-room—with the mob
or the levee—wearing the jacobin bonnet or the
iron crown—banishing a Braganza or espous-
ing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to
the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at
the gallows Leipsic—he was still the same mili-
tary despot.

A Kentucky Bean.

A coat of strong blue cloth of the Jehu cut,
with white bone buttons of the Jehu size, the
standing collar of which was always pulled up
over the ears, and concealed them beneath its
shade, served at the same time, in consequence
of its being tightly buttoned from throat to waist,
to hide the neckcloth and waistcoat, of the ex-
istence of neither of which I am therefore able
to make affidavit. This upper garment, which
was certainly typical of the horse part of his na-
ture, impended over a pair of full corduroy pan-
talons. The legs of the same, though con-
structed by the artist of amplitude sufficient to
reach the ankle if they had been allowed to do
so, having apparently been elevated to mid-leg
in the act of drawing on a pair of half boots, re-
mained hitched on the top of the latter during
the whole of the first day of my observations,
no effort having been made to induce them to
descend to the ordinary position. On the sec-
ond, one descended and the other did not, and
in this way Tom Lavender sported his Nimrod
looking person. I never saw his hands; as
whether sitting, standing, or walking, they were
always thrust decidedly to the bottom of the
large flap pockets of his Jehu coat. In the man-
ner in which he disposed his person in the cabi-
net, when inactive, upon two or three chairs, bak-
ing before the fire, with his nose erect in the
air, I thought I detected something of the al-
ligator part of his origin; while in the impetuous
manner in which, striding forward with out-
stretched limbs, he preambulated the cabin of
the deck to take exercise, alternately inflating
his cheeks and blowing forth the accumulated
air, I could not fail to detect the steamboat, by
which the purity of the race had been recently
crossed. He was a man of no conversation,
but he made up for it by an incessant horse laugh,
filling up the pauses in that of three or four trusty
young cronies, who seemed to hold him in
great respect and consideration. I should not
forget to mention that at a later period I was in-
formed that the mode of wearing the pantaloons
hoisted half leg high as described above, was
premeditated, and intended to give an "air dis-
tingue!"—*Latrobe's North America.*

A powerful Preacher.

A Kentuckian, who had listened to an elo-
quent and popular preacher, gave the follow-
ing account of him!
"I'll tell you what it is," ejaculated he, that's
what I call a real tear down sneezer; he's a
barkwell and hold-fast too; he doesn't honey
it up to 'em, and mince his words—he let's it
down in 'em hot and heavy; he knocks down
and drags out; he first gives it to 'em in one
eye, then in 'other, then in the gizzard, and at
last he gets your head under his arm, and then
I reckon he feathers it in between the lug and
horn; he gives a fellow no more of a chance
than a 'coon has in a black jacket."
"Then you give him more credit for his sin-
cerity than you usually do men of his cloth,"
said his auditor.
"Yes, yes! there's no whipped the devil
round the stump with him; he jumps right at
him, tooth and toenail, and I'm flummbergasted
if I don't think he rather worsted the OLD BOY
this morning! and he's the best match I ever
saw him have."

Pretty Good.—A fellow, and something of
a wag withal, complaining that he had three
diseases about him, consulted a certain cele-
brated physician. "What are your complaints?"
asked the doctor. "Why, sir, first, I have lost
my taste, second, I can never tell the truth, and
third, I can never remember any thing!" "I
think," said the doctor, "I shall be able to do
something for you, and will send you some pills."
The pills were sent and one taken according to
directions, soon after which the patient again
met the doctor. "Doctor," said he, "those
pills you sent me, were of the vilest material—I
am imposed upon." "I know it," said the
doctor, "the pills were of the vilest material,
but I see the cure is effected—I perceive that
your taste is restored—that you have told the
truth, and I swear you will never forget it!"
[*Dunstable Telegraph.*]

Turn out Extraordinary.—We learn from
the Bangor (Maine) Commercial Advertiser, that
there is a "turn out," among a portion of the
workmen at the Mill Dam Corporation, and all
work is suspended in consequence. The "strike"
was not based on the "ten hour system," nor
was it for advance of wages, but it was because
their employers refused them *tea and coffee for
dinner.*

"O papa!" said a little girl, the other day
"why won't you buy me one of those Highland
shawls?" "I mean to buy one for a horse blank-
et," said he. "Well, I don't care," said the
little girl, "the horse may wear it nights, but I'll
have it to wear day times."

ANECDOTE.—An old lady whose fidelity to
her only son, in his younger days, was far from
being oppressive, recently experienced the sad
consequences of his elopement. While a friend
was endeavoring to console her, she said, "I've
often thought on this passage of scripture, but
never thought I should realize it:—'Train up
a child and away he'll go!'"

A little boy's wish, a few years since when a
good many people were moving to Ohio,—"I
wish," said he, "all the folks would move to
Ohio." "Why, why do you wish so, Jonny?"
"Why then Jack and me could steal apples
where we were a mind to."—*Lowell Journal.*

Here's a man to be pitied.—A poor discon-
solate husband, whose wife has run away with
Thomas Dunels, of Ohio, carrying off his fowl-
ing piece, and three hundred and fifty dollars
in cash. Only listen to his suspicions:—"It is
my firm belief, that the villain employed some
secret charm, philtre, or love powder, to pro-
cure the accomplishment of his infernal schemes."
Bost. States.

Close Reasoning.—A man brought before the
New York Police Court, for beating his wife,
explained the matter thus:—"Sure and didn't I
catch her fast asleep in the middle of me own
bed, betoon two dirty devil's chickens that she
had brought home to bate me; and would'n't
yer honor have bate yer own wife, if ye had
the misfortune to be married, if she'd have
served ye as I've been treated?"

Hyperbole.—A wag, describing the poverty
of the cows in Florida remarked, that one wan-
ted at least six weeks stall feeding before it
would answer for a *skeleton*; and it had been
known to require two and sometimes three of
them, to cause one shadow.

The Wife's First Love.

"I pray you to play on this pipe."—*Hamlet.*
ADELHEID, hearing her husband's approach-
ing footsteps, hastening to extinguish the little
caper that was burning on the table, and ad-
justing her collar and coiffure before the mir-
ror, unlocked the door of the boudoir, and went
forth to meet him with an embarrassed air.—
"Coiement! ma belle Hermite, toujours au
boudoir!" I was looking for you at the Thul-
eries this very fine day. Truly, my incompar-
able, I shall begin to grow jealous of that crim-
son fauteuil, whose arms encircle you so often."
As De Morier playfully spoke thus, he drew
his Adelheid affectionately towards him, but she
complained of a slight indisposition, averted her
face, and withdrawing herself from his clasp,
pointed his attention to some passing object in
the street, and began to talk of their projected
tour to Fontainebleau.

Adelheid Eichrodt was a young and lovely
Berlinesse, who, at the age of seventeen, had
been introduced to the Count de Morier, a
Frenchman of family and distinction. He be-
came deeply enamored of her beauty and sim-
plicity. The offer of his hand was graciously
accepted, and he brought her in triumph to his
hotel in the Faubourg St Germain; where, not-
withstanding the little dissensions, that a dif-
ference of national tastes and prejudices is apt to
occasion, they lived in the very plenitude and
perfection of conjugal concord.
They had been married about a year and a
half, when De Morier fancied he observed an
alteration in his wife's habits and manners. It
appeared to him that his adored Adelheid was
becoming less frank and confiding towards
him; she was reserved, distrustful. There was an
air of mystery in her proceedings. In fact, it
was evident she had some secret with which she
was sedulously desirous he should remain un-
acquainted.

He was constantly in the habit of finding
scraps of paper scattered about the floor, for
the appearance of which she accounted in vari-
ous unsatisfactory ways. He more than once
surprised her in whispering conference with old
Karl, a German domestic, who, having lived in
her father's service since the period of Adel-
heid's infancy, had on the event of her marriage,
requested to be allowed to accompany his young
mistress to Paris. On his approach would
suddenly separate, and as it seemed to him, in
something of confusion. He had also on one
occasion been exceedingly perplexed and mort-
ified, by overhearing two ladies in society, after
extolling the undeniable beauty, and grace, and
affability of Madame Morier, make an exception
to her prejudice, (the "particulars" did not reach
his ear) which was immediately followed by an
exclamation of "Mon Dieu! ce ne pas possible
—one betwixt, on monstro-affreuse degoutant."
He was not quite sure that the epithets were
applied to his wife, but he more than suspected
they were. It was not long after, that, on en-
tering her apartment unexpectedly, he saw
her rush towards the open window and dash
something to the ground. "Bah, bah! Adel-
heid, why surely I have entered Honbijant's
fabrique, in mistake for my own hotel! Es-
sence de Millefleurs! Attar du Rose! What
are all these scents that you are scattering about
the room? You will suffocate me with your
many sweets. I have often told you my aver-
sion to strong perfumes."

The suspicious husband having observed M. name, in one of her late mystic meetings with the old steward, confide a large purse of gold to his possession, hastily quitted the room, full of vague apprehensions and surmises, and fully resolved to take an early opportunity of satisfying himself in what manner his wife was in the habit of employing the intervals of his absence from home, which, owing to a pending lawsuit, had become of late very frequent and protracted. Yet he loved her and respected her too much to distress her with open and direct inquiries on the subject of her visible confusion. Accordingly on the day following this little *brusquerie*, he took occasion during breakfast, to signify that he was engaged out on business the whole of the day, and should probably be detained until the evening of the morrow. Not long, however, after the usual hour of dinner, he made his appearance: the old steward opened the door.

"What, Karl! I am left you in the morning I find you in the evening—*c'est toujours la pipe!* Always smoking! Is Madame at home?"—"Non, Monsieur, non."—"No! I think you are mistaken, Karl; I am nearly positive that I saw her close the parlour of her boudoir this moment in a white dressing gown. Is she alone?"—"Yes, sir—alone, sir! To be sure she's alone—at least, that is—I will tell her you are come, and—"

"Thank you, I can inform her myself."—"Why, no, that is—just if you please, sir, to allow me—may be she might be engaged, or—"

"Engaged! how, what, with whom?"—"Oh, with nobody, sir."—"Let me pass, old man; what does this mean?"—"Nothing, sir, but if you would only now—do, sir, only just wait a moment, that I may tell my lady, sir; she will be so frightened—you will be so angry."

"Angry, yes! I am angry at your unaccountable detention of me. In truth, I do begin to have some evil surmises and suspicions. Hear me, Karl—tell me if you know of your lady—why does she speak to you in whispers—give you gold?"

The old steward trembled. "Oh, pray don't ask me, sir; I can't tell you. My lady is a sweet and beautiful angel; but it is certainly lamentable that she should be so fond of that great lord."

The Count trembled in turn. "What! Who? What is my wife fond of?"

"Only a little, sir; sometimes by way of recreation; she does not often, and they do say people's inclinations are not in their power."

The Count's brain instantly took fire. Imagination mastered reason; yet he adopted a reasonable course, in resolutely shaking the old man from his hold, and and striding swiftly and silently along the range of rooms that led to his Adelheid's apartment. In a state of considerable excitement, he pushed open the boudoir door with vehemence; but stood transfixed on the threshold at the spectacle which presented itself to his view.

His young and lovely wife was reclining listlessly in the large arm-chair, her foot resting on a low footstool, her elbow resting on a small table at her side, while her delicate hand sustained an enormous *chibouque*, from which she was puffing clouds of fragrant incense! His astonishment soon relaxed into immoderate laughter. "So, so, my fair Mussulman, I've caught you at last—now the secret's out, and the mystery, like most other mysteries, ends in smoke. The Jesuitical old Karl, too; to conspire against me. Truth, Adelheid, I don't know that I ever saw you look more graceful, charming—more femininely lovely. Nay, don't pout and blush and cry, and throw down that most magnificent *chibouque* so disdainfully; I'll buy it of you, mignon; will you sell it to me, eh? and throwing his arms around her, he hid her tears of mortification in his bosom. "And now my sweet wife," resumed De Morier, as Adelheid released herself from his lengthened embrace; "we will put away this pretty toy, if you please, until we go back to Berlin. Custom here is everything. Now, the Parisian ladies are not yet accustomed—that is, it is not yet the fashion here—in short, my love, the Parisian ladies don't smoke!"

Ought Government to be founded on Property.

"Riches are power," said the materialist Hobbes, who denied the existence of a spiritual God, and asserted that law rests for its support not on truth but on absolute will. "Riches are power," said the philosopher, who was the pillar of infidelity, and the apostle of absolute despotism. It was fit, that so immoral a doctrine should emanate from such a school. The friends of our puritan fathers died on the scaffold, bearing testimony against it, and bequeathing their testimony to New England and to the world.

Riches are and ought to be power, repeat the whigs of to-day. "It is the part of wisdom to found government on property," is asserted in our constituent assembly; "remove not the ancient landmarks," is the language of the pulpit, the preacher forgetting how often, how far, and with what blessed results our fathers removed the landmark of politics; it is the order of Providence, echoes the judge from the bench where there is none to rejoin, and comparing in turgid rhetoric the rich to the oak towering in grandeur to the skies, and the poor to the elms; that exist only to be trodden under foot. "Power and property cannot long be separated," says the Whig, chairman of the judiciary committee, insinuating with the harmlessness of indirect self-adulation that "the cry against the aristocracy of wealth" is but the policy of a "political aspirant, free from conscience and principle."

Thus it is that the Whig idolizes liberty only under the form of property. Not wholly destitute of patriotism, not wholly an outcast from the blessings of our free institutions, he is like

Mammon the least erected spirit that fell from heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts were always downward bent, admiring more the rich of heaven's pavement, trodden gold, Than ought divine, or holy else enjoyed in vision beatific.

Far different is the creed of American Democracy. "Our government," to use the language of Berkshire republicanism, "is founded on intelligence and morality."

To found government on property is an immorality. It renders moral considerations subordinate to material power; and subjects the authority of reason to the dominion of brute force. The magistracy elected by wealth, will reverence its author; and avarice, which is always a discreditable motive, but which becomes intensely bad when gathered into a national passion, and constituting the prevailing motive in the government, will stifle or at least impair the just regard for the welfare of the masses. What security is there for the laborer, where his employer is also his sovereign?

It is not right to quote Aristotle, as favoring the concession of political power to wealth. He was educated in a school which declared reverence for wealth, incompatible with a reverence for virtue. He well knew the covetous ambition of accumulated treasure; and that where indulged, "the wealthy had yielded to the temptation of engrossing all possessions." "Immoderate wealth," says he, "is an occasion of sedition, which ends for the most part in monarchy;" a remark which coincides very nearly with the belief of the Democratic party, and within confession of Governor Morris, that "men of large property uniformly endeavor to establish tyranny." "Wealth," says the same Grecian philosopher, "strives to enlarge its dominion, and when checked in its ambitions, is prepared to convulse the state;" as if plainly perceiving that in a Democracy, the party of wealth is the party of revolution. And as if to leave a testimony against a party which has sought shelter under his authority, he observes, "a republic verging to a Democracy is the most secure and the most permanent, because the majority are masters of the state, and the people (compared with the aristocracy,) are less liable to the temptations of a selfish ambition."

The authority of Harrington is invoked. He does indeed contend, that government founded on property legitimately founded, he must be classed among the opponents of Democracy. Harrington discriminates between the power of moral opinion, which he calls authority, and the power of physical force, which he calls dominion; and he declares that balance of dominion follows wealth, because wealth is the largest pasture and the fullest crib. He wrote amidst the din of arms and after the ill success of a Democratic revolution. Descended from the English aristocracy, and nursed in its influences, he was ignorant of the full force of moral opinion. Like our modern Whigs, he despised the multitude. "A nobility," these are his words, "is the very life and soul of a commonwealth."

The institutions of Venice, where the original democratic constitution had by the process of a revolution been transformed into a profligate, tyrannical and justly odious aristocracy, Harrington preferred to all those of the whole world beside. "The constitution of the bank of England," says his whig eulogist, "comes the nearest to any government to the model of Harrington." The young men of Massachusetts cannot yield implicit deference to such authority. They acknowledge Harrington as indeed favoring the whigs.

It is attempted to confirm the principle of the right of property to possess the government, by history; and an appeal is made with an air of triumph to the example of Rome. True, political power was there concentrated in the hands of wealth. And the consequence should serve as a beacon to the end of time, to warn the world against the fatal error. The wealthy, possessing exclusive power, degraded the middle classes; and established by law the distinction caste. The Plebeians had no share in the executive power; possessed no equality of franchise; could not conduct an army; or preside in a court; or be elected to office; or intermarry with the privilege class; nay more; religion was betrayed into the hands of wealth; the rich established themselves as the sole interpreters of the divine will, the monopolists of prayer; the Plebeian was marked as hateful to the gods, not less than despised of men. A special legislation permitted the party of wealth to engross the profits of labor, make exorbitant usury; each wealthy man might make his house a prison; become his own sheriff, and his own jailer; and finally, sell the impoverished debtor as a slave. The Plebeians were valued but as things. So fatal was this error in the original constitution of patrician Rome, that the evils of it ran through the whole course of Roman history. God forbid that our republic should bear any such analogy to that of Rome. The history of Rome is a history of carnage and of robberies; its name is founded only on the gigantic character of its vices. It never had an original literature or a true spirit of liberty. The Romans did but make themselves *verum dominos*, lords of the material world; they never were masters of the principles of liberty and the glories of mind. Let us not imitate their example. If we found political power on property, like them, we shall have a distinction of patricians and plebeians, of nobles and of commons, present discord and ultimate tyranny. Let us not divide ourselves into castes; let us have but one caste, the caste of humanity.

Democracy, the Party of Beneficent Reform.

If government naturally rests on wealth, then wealth having once acquired it, would have retained it forever. Yet it is not by vast armies, by immense natural resources, by vast accumulations of treasure, that the greatest results in modern civilization have been accomplished. The traces of the career of conquest pass away, hardly leaving a scar on the public mind. The famous battle grounds of victory, are most of them comparatively indifferent to the human race; barren fields of blood, the scourges of their times, but affecting the social condition as little as the raging of a pestilence. Not one benevolent institution, not one ameliorating principle in the Roman state, was a voluntary concession of the aristocracy; each useful principle was borrowed from the democracies of Greece, or was a reluctant concession to the demands of the people. The same is true in modern political life. It is a confession of an enemy to Democracy, that "all the great and noble institutions of the world have come from popular efforts."

It is the uniform tendency of the popular element to enfranchise and bless humanity. The exact measure of the progress of civilization is the degree in which public opinion, the intelligence of the common mind has prevailed over wealth and brute force, in other words, the measure of the progress of civilization is the progress of Democracy. The efforts of reform in England, at the present day are but the fruits of the Democratic principles of a former century, who, in the spirit of hope, scattered the seeds of truth, that were to ripen in a later generation. Nor be it forgotten that the system of representative government in Massachusetts was not a gift or a proposition of patricians, but sprung from the bosom of the common people. And in like manner every public act of Massachusetts, that has borne the stamp of true greatness and glory, has sprung from the common mind. The measures that are more immediately to be traced to the influence of wealth, do not constitute the bright pages of her history.

The English revolution of 1688, was indeed an aristocratic revolution, achieved in favor of property, by 'men of property'; and like the institutions of Rome, it furnishes an incontrovertible argument against the union of power and wealth. Every popular principle, then established, had been introduced into the English mind at the period of the earlier revolution, which had been attempted by the Democratic friends of our ancestors. The peculiar and distinguished characteristics of the policy of 1688, the strict assertion of the privileges of the House of Lords, the extreme intolerance of the Church establishment, the outrageous inequalities of aristocratic taxation, the dependence of the House of Commons on the House of Lords, these are the evils, which were then so justly fastened upon England, that it has required nearly a century and a half for the English people to gather power for the commencement of their reform. The Whigs of 1688 were 'men of property,' alike hostile to the power of the sovereign, and to the rights of the people.

Democracy and the American Revolution.

Our fathers, when they began the struggle with England, aimed only at a redress of grievances, not at a vindication of popular rights. They were subjects of a monarchy; and possessed a colonial government based upon a charter, emanating from the English sovereign. They held their liberties as a concession, a compact, a bargain; and asserting their own unviolated loyalty, they complained that the English monarch had broken his part of the covenant. They did not plead natural rights, but chartered rights. They still acknowledged a hereditary king, a hereditary House of Lords a corrupt and unreformed House of Commons, and while they offered allegiance to the king and a limited obedience to parliament, they did not claim security in their chartered privileges. They were Whigs.

And what came of their Whiggism? Nothing, absolutely nothing but angry words. The tools of the Whig workshop could not reach their case. The Whig frowned at their petitions; and the Commons derided their remonstrances; and Lord Chatham, who, like a true Whig thanked God, that America had resisted, was carried to the House of Lords, that with his dying breath he might protest against the independence of America.

Our fathers, panting for freedom, and involved in difficulties, which the Whig principle could not solve, looked within themselves and to heaven for a remedy. A remedy was discovered. It was Democracy; the sovereignty of the people. Nothing else could justify a declaration of independence. The delegates of the thirteen colonies rose therefore into the dignity of the representatives of independent States, and appealing to God, they wrote on the corner stone of our nation in letters of light, so deep that they can never be effaced, so bright that their light extends through the world, the glorious truths;

"All men are created equal. They are endowed by their Creator with unalienable rights. Governments are instituted among men in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

With this declaration, the days of Whiggism were numbered, and the days of Democracy began. It was a new era in the history of the world. It was a new moral creation; and on its kindling morn, the sun of liberty first rose upon the nations with healing in its beams. Whiggism and Democracy.

Thus we perceive in all their bearings, the opposition between the principles of Whiggism and the principles of Democracy; a difference as great as between pride and benevolence; as between Marlborough and Washington; as between the battle of Blenheim and the battle of Bunker Hill. The Whig rests from his support on material interests. Democracy on moral principle and mind. The Whig respects men with their possessions; Democracy cherishes naked humanity. The Whig idolizes established abuses and pleads prescription; Democracy is

the party of hope and of reform. The Whig kindles with zeal in the defence of separate interests; Democracy demands equal rights. The Whig claims the privilege of resisting his sovereign; Democracy asserts the sovereignty of the people. The Whig regards liberty as a fortunate privilege or as a covenanted enfranchisement; Democracy holds liberty as a natural and inalienable right. The Whig builds his strong government on force; Democracy trusts in the diffusion of intelligence and the power of opinion. The Whig fulfils his contracts and knows no obligation to do more; Democracy claims kindred with every sufferer, not as each generation takes up its line of march for eternity, it cheerfully provides for the infirm. The Whig makes common causes with his class; Democracy cares for the well-being of the many. The Whig, resting government on wealth, lays the foundation of a monied aristocracy; Democracy, resting government on the intelligence and morality of the masses, establishes the supremacy of the people, and opens the way to the principality of virtue.

From the Eastern Argus.

The VAGABOND AGENT, and the FEDERAL GAZETTE.

A few weeks since, on the eve of Mr. Webster's visit to this city, we alluded to a negotiation then just concluded between a Harrison Agent from New York, and one or two of the self-styled friends of Mr. Webster, in this city. The Gazette was in a towering passion. The charge was scouted at once. Profuse pretensions to unspotted political purity, were set up, and the charge of 'intrigue' was thrown back with a great display of affected indignation on the part of that paper. We intimated then, that the Gazette, probably knew nothing more of the negotiation than a child unborn, notwithstanding its future course had been bargained for and fixed, under the bond and seal of the right co-acting parties. The leaders had secured the string, and what cared they for the puppet? We repeat the charge, and now refer to the subjoined proof—the disclosures of the agent himself, and the testimony of the Boston Courier.

The italics are the Courier's; the small capitals our own.

DISGRACEFUL TRICK. We find in the Richmond Whig of October 26, the following intelligence, purporting to be an 'extract of a letter from the North.'

"After passing two or three days in the city, I embarked for Boston, Portsmouth and Portland, at all of which places I had most gratifying interviews with the leading friends of Mr. Webster, who were now perfectly satisfied to rally upon Gen. Harrison for the Presidency—however, they will continue the name of their favorite candidate in the papers until after the election of Governor in Massachusetts, when they deliberately purpose organizing their friends in that state, with a view to concentrate the entire party upon the Hero of the North Bend. You and our friends in Virginia, may rely on the fact, that in due time, the whole Whig party force of New-England will be exerted for William H. Harrison; already you must have seen the indications of our press in that quarter. The Boston Atlas, Mr. Webster's accredited organ, has made a favorable demonstration, and the Portland Advertiser and Courier have openly advocated the measure."

"The leading friends of Mr. Webster" will doubtless be surprised to learn from this letter that they have deserted him & are 'perfectly satisfied to rally upon Gen. Harrison for the Presidency.' We have not the attribute of omniscience, and consequently we have no right to say that the letter is false in all its particulars; but we know enough to pronounce it a MEAN & DISGRACEFUL ATTEMPT TO DECEIVE THE PEOPLE at the South and West, with regard to the relative strength of Mr. Webster and Gen. Harrison in the New England States. It would be well for the correspondent of the Whig to be more definite in his designation of the parties with whom he has had such 'gratifying interviews.' So far as we have any knowledge of the feelings of Mr. Webster's 'leading friends,' there is not a shadow of truth in this declaration. We have not the vanity to claim for ourselves the honor which the significant designation involves; but we claim to be one, who will support Mr. Webster as a candidate for the Presidency as sincerely, as zealously, and with as much firmness and perseverance as any who may assume to be his leading friends. We do not believe that any friend of Mr. Webster has ever expressed a sentiment that could be quoted as fair authority for the LIBEL of this anonymous letter-writer."

It is true that the PORTLAND ADVERTISER (and the Courier, too, for aught we know) has made a favorable demonstration in the cause of the Hero of the North Bend and Farmer of Tippecanoe: the more's the pity, that a paper, hitherto so consistent in its support of Whig principles, should be false to its CHARACTER and DISAPPOINT THE JUST EXPECTATIONS OF THE WHIGS OF THE NORTHERN STATES. * * * There may be others, who have been persuaded to follow in this dishonorable track. We know that AN AGENT FOR THE HERO OF NORTH BEND HAS BEEN ITINERATING IN THIS QUARTER; AND WHAT ARGUMENTS HE MAY HAVE USED WE KNOW NOT. This agent (the writer of the letter above quoted, beyond all question) has been a SORT OF POLITICAL PEDLAR FOR MANY YEARS; HAS TRAVELLED THROUGH MANY REGIONS, IN THE SERVICE OF SEVERAL MASTERS—ALWAYS ON HAND TO WORK FOR A COMMISSION—KNOWING NO PREFERENCE OF EMPLOYERS, EXCEPT THAT WHICH ARISES FROM THE BEST PAY. WHAT TERMS THIS DES-

IGNIFICABLE TRADER IN POLITICS MAY HAVE OFFERED TO THOSE WHOSE EARS ARE OPEN TO THE INTRIGUE, AND WHOSE HANDS ITCH FOR CONTAMINATION, HAS NOT YET BEEN REVEALED. But we caution those who have been tempted by this VAGABOND POLITICIAN AND HAVE NOT YET SOLD THEMSELVES to the New York party, whose motto is 'All's fair in politics,' to be in no haste to strike hands with him. The Gazette on the question of the Presidency has enacted a variety of surprising summer-sets. It first squinted towards Judge White. It soon abandoned him, and ran up boldly, with a 'sink or swim' air, the flag of Webster. And on the Webster banner kisses the deck—and by 'bond and bargain,' with a 'political pedlar,' it starts off again in full cry for the Hero of North Bend and Farmer of Tippecanoe. The public have yet to learn.

WHAT TERMS THIS DESPICABLE TRADER IN POLITICS MAY HAVE OFFERED TO THOSE WHOSE EARS ARE OPEN TO THE INTRIGUE, AND WHOSE HANDS ITCH FOR CONTAMINATION.

That some self-styled 'leading friends' of Mr. Webster in Portland, have undertaken to transfer the Federal party in Maine, to Gen. Harrison, is proved beyond a doubt. We leave it for the public to decide, whether, in charging this transaction upon the Federal leaders in this city, a few weeks since, we were *wright or wrong*.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT. PARIS, NOVEMBER 17, 1835.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS. FOR PRESIDENT. MARTIN VAN BUREN, of N. York. FOR VICE-PRESIDENT. RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky.

The approaching Session of Congress is looked forward to with some degree of interest, and the President's Message is waited for with as much anxiety as we have witnessed at any former period. It is rumored that an amicable adjustment of our present misunderstanding with France is by no means certain, and it is feared that unpleasant consequences may ensue. The opposition to the present administration, being uncertain what course will be taken by the President, and fearful lest they may by anticipation, approve the measures he may hereafter recommend, are really at a loss what to say on the subject. It is rumored at all events, as they are, to find fault with all the measures of the President, they do not like to commit themselves until they can learn the policy which he recommends. One thing, however, may be fairly presumed, from the well known character of Gen. Jackson—that he will never compromise the honor of the nation, by stooping to apologize for having started the truth plainly to Congress in his last annual message. The opposition, therefore, are perfectly safe in recommending this course. All the explanation which one nation has a right to expect from another, has been given by Mr. Livingston's letter. If France is desirous of being on a friendly terms with us, she will ask for nothing more. If she is determined to provoke a quarrel, she will rise in her demands in proportion to the mutuality and abasement with which we accept her forgiveness. Almost any thing but dishonor is preferable to war. We must sincerely deplore such an event. We are aware of the miseries which it will entail upon our country—of the check it will give to our growing prosperity, and of the horrors that attend upon it. But the course may not be left us. If France is bent upon forcing us into a contest, we believe that it will not be a party affair, but the united strength of the country will be put forth on the emergency. But we will not anticipate an event which we so much deprecate. We will hope better things of her whom we have been wont to call our ancient friend and ally.

The result of the elections, so far as heard from, this fall is cheering up to the friends of Democracy and the rights of the people. The party colored banner of whiggism appears no more successful in securing recruits from the ranks of the people, than was that of national republicanism. Notwithstanding the intrigues of the opposition, attempting to weaken the democratic party by sowing dissensions among them, in spite of false friends and personal enmities, the strength of Democracy is on the increase. Local disputes, and dissensions about minor points, personal prejudices and sectional jealousies, though anxiously fomented by the desperate ambition of our opponents, cannot check the progress of free principles. Our triumph is so sure that no human power can prevent it. We may be temporarily baffled, but we cannot be defeated. The people see their rights, and are determined to possess them. They feel the oppression which the tyranny of past ages has heaped upon them, and they are determined to endure it no longer. They seek for no retaliation or revenge, but they will demand present relief and future security. This may as well be gracefully yielded, or it will be forcibly extorted. The people ask for no more than they have a right to require. They demand a perfect political equality. Not an equality of wealth or station, but equal privileges for acquiring each. They have no wish to deprive others of the wealth which they have acquired or inherited, but they demand that the road to wealth and honor should be equally open to all. They think that wealth has power and influence enough naturally belonging to it, without the aid of exclusive privileges or monopolies. They are in fact beginning to understand their rights and to insist upon them. It is useless as well as wrong to oppose them.

The Nov. numbers of the Museum and of the American Magazine have each been received. Our opinion of these Nos. would be but a repetition of the praises we have heretofore bestowed on them.

THE WEATHER. After so long an indulgence, winter has reached us at last. The ground was last week covered with a light fall of snow which was succeeded by cold weather. We have little reason to expect that the ground will be bare again until next spring. The ground was very dry before last week, and we fear that the rain which then fell may not be sufficient to raise the springs so as to give a sufficient supply of water during the winter.

From the Free Press and Advocate.

BANGOR, ME., Nov. 7, 1835, Spenser's Trial.

On Thursday last, agreeable to previous arrangement, the trial of Isaac Spenser commenced before the S. J. C. now in session in this

city, on a present to the Phetors. The trial which has whole pr Allen, J. dler, Esq. er, and toney Jev ed the ca with white succinve ted to be it appears tober last, one or two Phetors the what is call purpose of While there intoxicated the room much noise "When I me out me if I strike time shakin shortly after his of the dece the prison of the dece for his "gr his cap an able altera one becom some cold ed him out him. The clamorous unless adm beating ag immediately sleeve of the the fireplace very heavy tion of de lence. Jos caught the when the pre ted to take ed to strike want Isaac and thereu ing obtained to within fil ped until de from the p noise, decrea to which cap and w have the ceased theu and he sho pled, "don't no knowi the murder ing the shov saulder and tude. The t's house and prisoner; w feet he stru of the shov After he fell, upon his hip throw back towards the of his father's had run abou These facts I'mony of th in only a few McRue test ed, who testi ment of the deceased, aperture had in length; the it rated into the deceased die was given. was of a ve through which express malice such as the treated at Me some one of l out as he wou be the death

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